Vol. III. No. 29. Total 133.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *July* 16, 1803.

Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"DERVISHES, here the old man, uncovering his head, showed me the wound, which was on the left side, and so large as to be capable of admitting a lime.

"This is the wound," continued he, "and at the time I received it, I was so completely stunned, that I fell to the ground, and knew not what further passed. When I recovered my senses, all was dark, and I found myself carried on the back of some person, who was walking along, and talking thus to his comrade:—'How strange it is, that that unfortunate youth should resemble Kaikhosroo so much in the face!' 'Come,' said the other, 'let us throw this fellow into some corner, and return to see the strange sight.' 'Do you wish,' said the former, 'that we should be both punished by that madman?' 'My friends,' said I, 'what is this mystery you seem to be lamenting? and what if you should take me along with you.' They replied, 'What can be stranger than this, that the lover is going to slay the beloved?' 'I don't understand you,' said I; 'tell me who is the lover and who the beloved, and what the cause that the latter should be put to death.' They answered, 'The king's daughter is the lover, and the beloved is her uncle's son, the same youth to whom you delivered that letter, by which you have brought this misfortune upon him.' 'Why does she kill him?' I asked. 'The detail of the circumstances is too long,' they answered. I then begged they would for once carry me with them, that I might comprehend the mystery. As they were exceedingly anxious themselves to see the sight, they consented to take me, and returned into the king's garden. My reason for wishing to be carried there, was, in reality, that I might once more behold that ravisher of hearts, and perhaps have the satisfaction of expiring in her presence. Having laid me on the ground at the foot of some trees, they stood by me to observe what should happen. Upon looking up, I saw a small lake in the middle of the garden, and by the banks of it, the king sitting on a throne, and a number of lamps burning around him. On a sudden, a great concourse of people were collected, and the princess appeared, covered with jewels. Coming up to her father, she kissed the ground of submission; the king pressed her to his bosom, placed her by him on the throne, and seemed to pay her much attention. Enquiring from my companions the meaning of all this, they replied, 'The young man in the cage is the son of our late illustrious king, and nephew to the present one. His father dying when he was but a child, left him under the protection of his brother, whom he appointed regent and governor of his son's kingdom; exacting at the same time a promise from him, that when the child should arrive at manhood, he should resign the throne in his favour, give him his daughter in marriage, and retire himself to some tranquil corner, that no family feuds might endanger the succession of his line to the sovereignty.

"When he had departed this transitory abode, his brother accordingly mounted the throne. Intoxicated with the sweet draught of universal submission and absolute sway, he soon forgot the promise he had given. Meanwhile these two cousins growing up together, contracted for each other a mutual love. The boy being come to years of discretion, and showing signs of uncommon ability, the king consulted with his vizier on the best means of depriving him of his right. The vizier advised him to give out that the boy was become insane; and, lest the people should discover the trick, and get an attachment to him, that he should be put in confinement. The king approved of the plan, as the best means of preserving his power; the youth was ordered into confinement, and a report carefully circulated, that he was deranged in his mind. The princess being informed of this plot, exerted her utmost endeavours to prevent it, and privately gave notice of it to his friends. This some malicious enemies told the king, who fearing the youth would be liberated and placed on the throne, counselled the physicians, by the advice of his vizier, to enforce in the presence of the court and people, the necessity of his being strictly confined; and to advise, for the better restoring his mind to reason, that he should be kept in a garden which abounded in flowers, odoriferous herbs, running water, and the sweet melody of singing birds, and to prevent the danger of his committing any improper action, that an iron cage should be provided for him. Upon this he was inclosed in a cage, and carried into the king's garden, which is well secured, while Kaikhosroo, one of the slaves attached to the king, was appointed to be constantly on guard, with a trusty band of one hundred soldiers. Not daring to commit any open violence upon him, they have for some time past given him such food as was sufficient to kill him, but they have not been able to succeed in their diabolical design. The princess again striving to thwart their schemes, gained over to her side Kaikhosroo, by the power of her charms, and was thus enabled to correspond with her beloved. The letter which you carried was ad-

vising him to keep up his spirits; that the days of separation were drawing near an end; that, by whatsoever means she could, her father should die, and they be restored to each other. Information of this was given to the king, who instantly ordered his soldiers to bring to his palace the head of Kaikhosroo, the messenger maimed and bruised, and the youth in his cage. His commands were immediately obeyed, and you being to all appearance dead, they gave themselves no further concern about you, but threw you to a side of the road. The king asked the vizier's advice how they should put the innocent youth to death. He replied, This scheme has now entered my head, to induce the princess herself to become the executioner, that the people may say she did it to clear her own reputation. To this the king agreed, but doubted that his daughter could be prevailed upon. The vizier then went into her presence, and began to say that her behaviour had brought upon her such disgrace and bad name, that it was in the mouths of all the people she had carried on an intrigue with her cousin. The princess tho't it proper at the time to deny all. The vizier seemed to believe her, said she spoke true, but in order to appease the king her father, and clear her own reputation, it was his will and desire she should put the youth to death, and thus effectually shut the mouth of all evil speakers. This she willingly agreed to do the same night. The vizier informed the king of the success of his plot, and upon the approach of night returned to the princess to put her in mind of her promise. She unconcernedly followed him to her father's presence, and by the way observed you lying on the ground, as she tho't, dead. Carry this miserable wretch, said she, away, and lay him in some corner. When we prepared to obey her orders, by lifting you up, you began to breathe, upon which she desired us to convey you with all speed to your companions on the other side of the river, from whom we were to bring a certificate of our having so done;—and besides she gave us a hundred ashruffers to defray the expence of a physician.'—'That money,' said I to them, 'for the trouble you have had, is now your own.'

"In a short time I saw the young man taken from his cage, and the princess rush forward with a drawn sword. Upon approaching him, she threw it from her, and springing into his arms, exclaimed, 'O life of my soul! the reason of this my strange behaviour to you was, that I might once more have the pleasure of seeing you, and breathing out my spirit at your feet.' With these words she fainted away. The king, enraged at what had happened, ordered his daughter to be carried off, and severely reprehended his vizier, saying, 'This has been your intention, to make me an eye-witness of my unworthy daughter's disobedience. Strike off, yourself, the head of this youth; I have not patience to see a repetition of what has passed.'

"The vizier, impelled by dread of the king, drew his sword, and in the act of raising his arm to give the fatal blow, an arrow from amidst the trees, directed by the hand of Providence, reached his heart, and penetrated through his back. He gave a groan, and fell to the ground. Instantly such a clamour and confusion ensued, that the king hastily retired to his palace, not without fears for his own safety. The sight altogether had such an effect upon me, weakened through loss of blood, that I fainted away. Upon recovering, I found myself in the house of a physician who was employed in binding up my wound.

"Young man, by the physician's skill I was cured of the wound in my head, but day by day the wound in my heart rankled the more. Being in a short time enabled to bear the fatigues of travelling, I set out with my companions. It was now evident that an union with that adorable princess was not written in the book of fate;—but her image lives ever inseparable from my afflicted soul.

'Although to-day, by the cruelty of thy door-keeper,

'I am not permitted to approach thy threshold;

'To-morrow, when my dust shall fly upon the wind,

'It shall mix with the earth under thy feet.

'Here I shall lie, and participate in thy woes;

'Concealed from thy sight, I shall enjoy thy presence.'

"Happening to pass these uninhabited mountains, and being disgusted with the society of men and worldly pursuits, I resolved to take up my residence here. Having procured the most skilful stone-cutters and painters that could be got in the country, I employed them at a vast expence to dig this cave, and make the statue you have seen. The remainder of my money I portioned out for my heirs, reserving only to myself a thousand toumans of gold, and a string of camels, which I have given in charge to a faithful slave, whom I have made free; and this he employs in traffic, and regularly supplies me with all my wants. From that time I have lived in this cave, retired from all the world, paying my daily adoration to this image of my beloved, and contented with my lot.'

"Dervishes, the old man having finished, I was so inflamed by the description he had given of the princess's beauty, that my senses failed me. I involuntarily kissed his hand, and besought him not to conceal the place of her abode, for that my heart and faith were captivated in the chains of that fair European. My earnest intreaties at last moved his compassion. After giving me many advices, he informed me of the road I should take, and the manner I should conduct myself upon discovering her; then uttering a fervent prayer to heaven in my behalf, he put into my hand a purse of direms and dinais he had received from the princess. Having changed my apparel, and bid him an affectionate adieu, I rushed like a torrent down the mountain, and with tearful eyes, and an impatient heart I flew over hill and dale, pursuing my course night and day without ever tasting repose. Many strange and wonderful adventures befel me, innumerable troubles I endured, and various fierce and rapacious animals I encountered, whilst every moment the smoke of my sighs burst from my bosom, and ascended to the clouds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTES.

WHEN Voltaire's tragedy of *Mahomet* was first brought upon the stage, one of the king's physician meeting the poet in a private company, remarked, that the existence of Alcanor, after his death wound, was rather protracted; he contended, in a long argument, that it was physically impossible for him so long to survive a wound, such as it was there described. "True," replied Voltaire, rather drily, "but you are to recollect, my learned sir, that he was not *attended by a physician*."

—

A Gentleman, during his stay at Basra, in Egypt, had purchased a very curious mummy. As the box that contained it, was rather too large for his travelling post-chaise, being arrived at Auxerre, he sent it by the stage-coach. The latter was searched, according to custom, at the gates of Paris; the wise officers broke open the box, and seeing a body blackened all over, gravely pronounced it to be the remains of a man *baked* in an oven; the antique bandages came in support of their opinion, as they mistook them for a shirt half burnt; and, after a proper inquest, the supposed murdered person was sent to the bone-house, to be owned.

Some hours after, the owner made his appearance to claim his property, which he supposed was detained at the office. On his first requisition, the *wise men of Gotham* looked at him with a mixture of amazement and horror; seeing him fall into a downright passion, one of the officers, more *sensible* than the rest, approached, and softly whispered in the traveller's ear, that he had better hold his tongue, and save his neck from the halter by a timely flight.

Unable to guess at the meaning of so unexpected an address, the gentleman retired, half mad with anger and disappointment, and directly applied to the *Lieutenant de Police*. After having danced attendance for three days, he at last obtained from the grave magistrate, a *permit*, in form, to take away from the bone-house the Egyptian prince, who, after having *slept sound for two thousand years* within a pyramid, was on the eve of receiving a *Christian burial*.

ORIGIN OF LOTTERIES.

Lotteries, which are resorted to in most of the states of Europe, as a measure of revenue, had their rise in Genoa, where it had long been customary to choose annually by ballot, five members of the Senate, which was composed of 90 persons, in order to form a particular council.

Persons interested in these elections, backed their anticipations of the return of different senators by bets, and those speculations in a short time prevailed to such excess, and the people engaged in them with such eagerness, that the government conceived the idea of establishing a Lottery on the same principle. Such was the success of the project, that all the cities of Italy sent large sums of money to Genoa, to adventure in it. Five tickets out of the 90 only were drawn: a person naming one of these fortunate numbers, received eighteen times the price of his ticket; naming two of them, he had 400½ times the price of the ticket; naming three of them, he had 11,748 times its price; naming four of them, 511,038 times its price; and naming five numbers that would be drawn, he would receive nearly forty-four millions of times the money which he had laid out.

The Pope, with a view to increase the revenues of the church, was the next to adopt the expedient of a lottery, and the people of Rome became so fond of this species of gambling, that to indulge in it they were wont to reduce their families to great distress, adopting, at the same time every kind of foolery that credulity or superstition could inspire, in order to retain fortunate numbers.

In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, lotteries on similar plans, were drawn weekly, to the vast emolument of the state. In these, however, the beneficial chance to adventurers on naming one of the five numbers, was reduced to 15 times the amount of the stake; to 240 times on naming two of them; to 5000 times on naming three of them; and to 60,000 times the amount of money wagered on naming four out of the five;—the fifth number was not played, as the governments were unwilling to hazard so great a sum, as they would lose by the whole five numbers being named.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

TO HER HIGH MIGHTINESS,

Morality.

THOUGH I have always been one of your majesty's most loyal subjects, and have never intentionally violated any of your laws, but on the contrary yielded to them the most implicit obedience; yet I have had no occasion whatever, before this, to remonstrate against them. The edict published on the 9th of July, 1803, by order of your mightiness, is not only prejudicial to myself, but also to the most of your subjects. As, therefore, I consider it to be highly impolitic and unjust in your highness, to enact any law or laws, which may prove injurious to us your subjects, I come forward thus publicly, but with the most profound respect, to remonstrate against those published on the aforesaid date. I hope your majesty will not suppose that I think those laws were enacted out of any injurious motive; but, notwithstanding (if put in force) they may have an evil tendency.

In the first part of this remonstrance, I shall consider the nature of the different sections in the law;—and in the second, I shall endeavour to throw off the imputations against myself, Philo-Misogamist, and all the adherents to Celibacy.

Your mightiness has thought proper in the first section, to forbid "any person or persons to write, publish, or present for publication, any Essay, Ode, &c. containing any propositions contrary to the *known* and generally *received* principles of civilized society." I would construe this as a prohibition to writing or publishing any new discovery, thought, or idea; and likewise to delivering a person's opinions on a subject, because it has not been *known* or *received* before. This is both injurious to your majesty and subjects. If in ancient times such an edict had been issued, there would have been no scientific discoveries, —no new inventions;—man would have remained in an uncivilized and savage state;—the world would not have attained to the present pitch of knowledge and grandeur, occasioned chiefly by the communication of every thing new to the public. Therefore, with due deference to your superior judgment, I am of opinion, that it is essentially necessary that every thought or idea, which may throw new light on any subject, should be made known to the public. The conditions in life are various; what is prejudicial to one person may be beneficial to another. Again:—in the same section your majesty has left it at the discretion of *one* person to judge whether or not any production is conformable to Morality. Although I have the greatest respect for Mr. Hogan, (who is appointed Auditor General) and entertain the highest opinion of his sagacious judgment, I am averse to having the decision of an affair so important, left to any other person but your majesty, whose prerogative it is, and to whom it alone belongs.

On the second section I shall make no remarks, because I conceive it to be absolutely necessary that your subjects should observe decorum in their productions; but how reading over "the Vicar of Wakefield, Addison's Spectator, and the Looker-on," can dispel "the mist of ignorance," I cannot comprehend. Permit me to assure your highness, that I have read them over with no small degree of attention; and yet you are pleased to charge me with what you say reading them over will "erase for ever."

With regard to the third section, I do not think the punishment to be inflicted on any one that violates it, a condign one; neither do I see any reason why the public should be troubled with the reading of definitions for three months; if in this case a person had been appointed to receive and judge of those definitions, whether they were true or not, it would have been much better.

I now commence with the second part, agreeable to my proposition in the second paragraph hereof. "Whereas, *Misogamist, Philo-Misogamist*, (as it relates to *Dicky Dasher*, the observation is perfectly applicable) have used, uttered and published, &c. evil principles," in order to "vitiate the taste, thwart the judgment, and undermine the principles on which social happiness is founded." Knowing it to be derogatory to your majesty, Morality, to

suffer any thing that is false, or contrary to your principles, to be published, I am ready to impute this false assertion to the secretary who copied your Proclamation. However, as it has appeared, a confutation will be necessary. If it be your majesty's opinion that my principles are evil, you will be pleased to read the following verse, which is the 32nd of 1 Cor. chap. vii.—"He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, and how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things of the world." It is unnecessary to make any remarks on this; your highness will observe that it fully justifies the "advocates for Celibacy," and is sufficient to remove the many false aspersions which have been thrown upon them.

But that which surprises me most, and which is entirely inconsistent with the character and honour of your highness and counsellors, is the quoting only part of chapters and verses; and those too which answer your purpose; thereby attempting to deceive your subjects, and prevent their forming a true opinion of the present subject in controversy. I allude to 1 Tim. iv. 1, 2, 3.; by having reference thereto, it will be found that they are not applicable to the subject. Part of Heb. xiii. 4. is also quoted; but, if your highness will read what follows, you will find it to be conditional: alas! how few observe those conditions!

As 1 Cor. vii. 2. has been quoted in support of Matrimony, I beg leave to quote the 7th and 8th verses of the same chapter, in favour of Celibacy—"I would that every man were even as I myself: [Paul was never married] I therefore say unto the unmarried, it is *good* for them if they abide even as I." By this it appears, that Paul recommended Celibacy; and advised, or in a manner, commanded not to marry: why then your highness proclaimed so partially, I am at a loss to determine.

I conclude this remonstrance with beseeching your mightiness to be pleased to call a meeting of your counsellors, and in concert with them reconsider the edict, and make such alterations therein as you shall see proper, provided they may conduce to the prosperity and happiness of your loyal and "well-beloved" subjects, that they may hereafter have no cause for complaint, but enjoy their right and privileges as before.

A MISOGAMIST.

OBSER.—Young people should be spared, lest they be discouraged from coming into the company of their betters. Want of experience pleads indulgence for our first slips.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
"As to be hated, needs but to be seen:
"Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"THE moth, allured by the brightness of the candle, plays round the flame, till at last it is consumed by the heat." A proper example this, for those unthinking youths, who play round the verge of vice, till at length they precipitate themselves into infamy and ruin. What a lamentable state is their's, who will not take warning by the fate of others, nor avoid evils which have proved fatal to their companions! Young men in general, on their first entrance into life, consider vice, as it is, "a monster of frightful mein;" but thinking themselves proof against her allurements, they freely associate with the companions of revelry, till by degrees, allured by *her imaginary* pleasures, and blinded by *their apparent* enjoyments, they go from one step to another, till at last, like the deluded moth, they are unable to recede; and are drawn at once into the awful gulph of destruction, affording a fresh example of what was before sufficiently known, but which continues to be too little regarded.

To be happy is the wish of all mankind, and many are the methods pursued for this purpose; but to enjoy happiness is only the lot of a few. The reason is, most people mistake *pleasure* for happiness, and think it is to be found only in the gratification of their passions and desires. They who seek happiness in this way, soon find a chasm in their enjoyments, which renders them uneasy; this uneasiness makes them run from one object to another, and in young persons produces a turn for libertinism, which plants their riper years with thorns, and hastens a miserable old age; besides bringing down upon themselves public contempt, accompanied with bitter remorse, an exhausted heart, callous to every noble sentiment, and an impaired and shattered constitution. Instead of seeking those objects which would lead them to happiness and tranquillity, they follow an illusive happiness, the creature of their own fancy.

Those passions which too often engross the attention in youth, give the mind a turn difficult to be reformed. Young men, by suffering frivolity and levity to enter into their manners, loose a taste for virtuous pursuits, the culture of which requires the most assiduous attention. They fear the ridicule of the thoughtless, more than they regard the reproaches of conscience. Impudence, the sure companion of vice, *enervates* their sordid souls, and renders them incapable of elevated actions, or sentiments. Shun therefore, ye gay and unthinking youths, all those temptations which would lead you into the vortex of dissipation. Be not deceived by appearances—vice and folly often lurk under the most inviting forms; but try the *tree*,—not by its appearance, but by its fruit, you shall know it. Would you wish to avoid sorrow, and shun destruction?....then let wisdom and virtue be your constant companions.

L. Z.

Small Talk,

NO. VI.

"*Princeps, suis beneficiis tutus, nihil præsidio eget.*" SENECA.

A prince, secured by his beneficence, needs no guards.

DIONYSIUS,

* THE tyrant of Syracuse, during the whole course of his reign, which lasted thirty-eight years, wore a brass cuirass under his robe, to protect him from assassination. He never made a speech to his people but from the top of a tower. Not daring to trust his own subjects, he formed a guard of foreigners, whose language, by great attention, he made himself master of; taking care to keep the Syracusians ignorant of it. His fear was so great, that he condemned himself to a kind of perpetual imprisonment, very seldom going abroad. Fearing to trust his head and life in the hands of a barber, he made his daughters shave him; that is, when they were very young, but as soon as they had grown up, he took the scissors and razors from them, and taught them to singe off his hair and beard with †nut-shells; and at last (altho' very indolent) so great was his dread, that he would no longer rely on them, but did this office himself. He caused a large building to be erected, in the middle of which stood his bed, encompassed by a broad and deep intrenchment, with a drawbridge passage; after he had bolted and barred his chamber-doors, he let down the bridge, that he might sleep securely. Neither his brother nor his son were allowed to come into his chamber, without changing their cloaths, and being searched by the guards.

NOTES.

* However improbable this account may appear, it is authentic, being a faithful though free translation from the ancients; those doubting it, may be satisfied by consulting Cicero, lib. v. Tusc. Quest. et lib. ii. de Off. and Plut. in Vit. Dion.

† Literal from the historian.

SELWYN.

HUMOROUS ADVERTISEMENT.

[FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.]

"Tam Epicuro quam Momo."

New Hotel,

Head of the Mall, two doors north of Packard's Tavern.

OTHELLO POLLARD,

TO his Friends and the Public, more especially to Gentlemen of *delicate taste* and *well-educated appetite*, offers the rich viands, and various luxuries, exotic and indigenous, of his

CLASSIC HOTEL, or ATTIC BOWER,

In which he flatters himself, the entertainment will at all times be found polite in style, and excellent in quality; his guests select and fashionable; and his own humble services sedulous and acceptable. In chusing an appellation for his Hotel, he has endeavoured to attract the notice of Gentlemen of elegant leisure, or of delicate health; and he trusts he shall, in pursuance of his motto, be enabled to combine in his social retreat, all the invitations which the *politest palate* may require, with all the wit-inspiring ingredients of intellectual festivity. A mere *bon vivant* is a *sad dull dog*, and a mere *philosopher* a *sad wise one*. Blend the two characters, and you follow the receipt to make a Gentleman. *Othello* always loved the Muses, and their biforked hill; for one top was consecrated to *Apollo*, and the other to *Bacchus*. *Othello* wishes to be viceroy over both; and trusts he shall have the happiness to address every kind guest who visits his Hotel, (in the language of his friend *Claudian*, the Roman poet)—*"Utrum culmen tenes."*

Othello Pollard's Bill of Fare.

SOLID ARGUMENTS—consisting of beef-steaks, soups of all kinds, bread, butter, cheese, ham, tongue, &c.

AGITATIONS.—Cider, vinegar, salt, pickles, sweet oil, &c.

GRIEVANCES.—Pepper-sauce, mustard, black pepper, Cayenne, &c.

PUNISHMENTS.—Wine, brandy, gin, ice-punch, cordials, spirits, bitters, porter, &c.

SUPERFLUITIES.—Ice-creams, custards, strawberries and cream, whip-syllabubs, pies, jellies, olives, all kinds of fruits,—snuff, tobacco, and segars.

N. B. *Any of the above articles to be exchanged for* NECESSARIES, viz. French crowns, Spanish dollars, pistareens, cents, mills, or bank-bills.

Credit given for payments—30, 60, and 90 seconds; or as long as a man can hold his breath.

Rudiments, gratis, viz.

Those indebted for - - - *Arguments,*
Must not be - - - - - - *Agitated,*
Nor think it a - - - - - *Grievance,*
If they should meet - - - *Punishment,*
For calling for such - - - *Superfluities,*
And not supposing it - - *Necessary,*
To make immediate - - - *Payment.*

USEFUL HINT,

For preserving our Ideas from being lost.

IN a letter of Mr. Locke, not generally known, addressed to Mr. Bold, who, in a letter to him, had complained that he had lost many ideas by their slipping out of his mind, the former tells the latter, "I have had sad experience of that myself; but for that lord Bacon has provided a sure remedy. For, as I remember, he advises somewhere never to go without pen and ink, or something, to write down all thoughts of moment that come into the mind. I must own I have often omitted it, and have often repented of it. The thoughts that come unsought, and (as it were) drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again. You say also, that you lose many things because your thoughts are not steady and strong enough to pursue them to a just issue. Give me leave to think, that herein you mistake yourself and your own abilities. Write down your thoughts upon any subject, as far as you have pursued them, and then go on again some other time, when you find your mind disposed to do it, and so till you have carried them as far as you can, and you will be convinced, that if you have lost any, it has not been for want of strength of mind to bring them to an issue, but for want of memory to retain a long train of reasonings, which the mind having once beat out, is loth to be at the pains to go over again; and so your connection and train having stopped the memory, the pursuit stops, and the reasoning is neglected before it comes to the last conclusion."

THE REPRIMAND.

CICERO, seeing Tullia, his daughter, walking with too much precipitation, and her husband too slow for a man, reprehended them both, by saying to Tullia, in the presence of Pison, "Look at your *husband*, it is thus a *woman* should walk."

[*From "Essays on Husbandry and Rural Affairs."*]

OF APERTURES IN HABITATIONS AND CELLARS.

IT is a general practice in America, to have many windows in habitations and cellars; and to leave them open in hot weather, for letting in the air. When in such weather there happens to be a breeze, some benefit is received by the few persons who can sit close to the window.—But as the air from without, when the sun shines, is full twenty degrees hotter than within doors, the air looked for brings with it that increase of heat; yet concentrated in a stream as it rushes through the windows, it relieves persons on whom it strikes, with sensations of coolness. But if the house is shut up during the hot sun-shining part of the day, the family feels more coolness and comfort than when the windows are open for letting in the wind, which is actually hot. And how is it in the time of calm? The having *a few apertures in habitations is advantageous both against cold and heat.*

Cellar windows are improperly left open during the whole time of the hot season, for letting in cool air; when in fact, the air let in is heated above twenty degrees more than the nearly stagnant air in the cellar.

The following attentions would be preferable to the common practice:—Shut up the cellar during the hot season, from May till October, night and day; or open the windows after setting of the sun, and close them by sun-rise, if it be a wet cellar. From the first of October the windows may be open, night and day, till the end of November, or threatening of freezing weather; then again close them till about the 20th of March, or early in April; when the windows are open to May inclusive, as above. Yet, during winter, a few small air air-holes may be left open immediately under the joists of the first floor, for preserving some degree of motion, as the life of air, and for a passage to the musty vapours of the cellar. The less the cellars under habitations, the more healthful the family. For a few purposes a small cellar may be here. For other purposes in the country, have them under some detached building. In trading towns they are in too great demand to omit them any where. [*Bal.*

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

THE great church in Basil is a handsome Gothic building, in which Erasmus was buried. On a wall which formed part of

the cloisters belonging to the Dominican monastry, there is a curious relic remaining of the playful fancy of the monks who formerly inhabited it. It is called the "Dance of Death." The wall is covered from one end to the other with paintings representing, first, Adam and Eve, and then the figure of Death dancing with every description of character to be found in life.—Death always having a firm hold of his partner—the first person he leads down is a fine gentleman—then a farmer—then a fine lady, a physician, a lawyer, a soldier, bishop, king, monk, nun, &c. &c. all in appropriate dresses, and as large as life. Some of the characters shew great aversion to their partner, and strive to retire; but Death keeps a firm hold, and as he respectively arrives at the bottom of the dance, pushes them into the grave.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A TRANSLATION
OF THE
LATIN DISTICS,
Which appeared in the last number of the Repository.—By *X. W. T.*

INCONSISTENCY I.

YOU would weep if you knew that one month was your time,
To remain on this perishing earth;
Ugh, when perhaps, *by God's order sublime,*
One day may destroy all your mirth.*

INCONSISTENCY II.

When sick, God we worship, and fee the physician;†
Restor'd, God's rejected, and physic's ‡ derision.

NOTES.

* The words in Italics are not in the original, but the ideas are.

† The writer of this distic has fallen into an error, by including two different ideas in the word *colimus*; but for this he may plead authority; Ovid is often guilty of the same fault:—thus when Jupiter, in the 2d Book of the Metamorphosis, asserts his dignity, and throws his bolt of thunder, in one word, Ovid drives the soul out of Phæton, and the wheels out of the chariot: Pariterque, animaque rotisque *expulit*. But as the sick man does not pay like devotion to God and the doctor, I chose to give it a correct meaning. It is true the word signifies to worship, reverence, honour, esteem, but it also signifies to bestow cost upon: thus, *Plautus. Agrum bene colere, necessarium est; optime dammorum,* "to bestow too much cost on ground is ill husbandry."

‡ We mock the doctor, in the original.

(For another translation of the Latin Distics, see the last page.

EPIGRAM,

BY BASTARD.

TERNA mihi variis ducta est ætatibus uxor
Hac JUVENI, illa VIRO, tertia nupta SENI.
Prima est propter OPUS, teneris mihi juncta sub annis,
Alter propter OPES, tertia propter OPEM.

☞ *A Translation is requested.*

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

(Continued from Page 198.)

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

IT would be easy to carry on the contrast much farther; for indeed it might be shewn in almost every instance. But what has been said may be sufficient to shew how very wide is the difference between that sort of attachment of which a selfish heart is capable, and that which alone deserves the name of real friendship; though it is often too indiscriminately given to both: the one is an enemy to general benevolence; the other flows from the same source, and belongs to the same character.

Such a disposition, it must be allowed, may prove the source of many pleasures; but it may be objected, that it will prove the source of many sorrows also: and indeed, in this imperfect state, this truth is too certain to be disputed. But if it can be proved, that on the whole it affords more joys than sorrows, that will be sufficient to the present purpose; if it be allowed that the happiness of man must consist in positive enjoyment, not in mere freedom from suffering.

And surely much more than this might easily be proved, since it not only can afford pleasures of the most exalted kind, and give new relish to every other pleasure; but even in the midst of the most painful sufferings it ever occasioned, it can at the same time inspire a secret satisfaction, of which those who never felt it can hardly form any idea.

With such a disposition, power and riches may be real blessings; since they furnish frequent opportunities of bestowing happiness, and consequently of enjoying it in the highest degree. But even without these advantages, the truly benevolent, in whatever situation in life they may be placed, will find numberless sources of pleasure and delight, which to others must be for ever unknown. All the happiness they see, becomes in some sort their own: and even, under the pressure of the greatest afflictions, they can rejoice at the good which others enjoy; and far from repining at the comparison, they find in the thought of it a pleasure and satisfaction, to which no suffering of their own can render them insensible; but which, on the contrary, prove a powerful cordial to help them to support those sufferings.

Even the face of inanimate nature fills them with a satisfaction which the insensible can never know, while they are warmed with gratitude to the Giver of every good, and joy at the thought that their fellow-creatures share those blessings with them. They may even experience something like the pleasure of bestowing happiness, while they rejoice in all that is bestowed, and feel in their hearts that they would bestow it if they could.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A CARD.

ANTHONY SYMPATHY'S respectful compliments to SELWYN, assures him that he has altogether mistaken the CONSOLATORY ADDRESS. It was purely intended to give SELWYN such consolation and advice as his desperate case seemed to require. ANTHONY cannot but think, that if SELWYN will examine the piece with an unjaundiced eye, he will find that it carries with it the most indubitable marks of innocent intention and good will. How SELWYN could return such an ungrateful, as well as ungraceful reply, is to ANTHONY a matter of regret and surprise. There is a mystery in it which ANTHONY would wish to have unravelled. If SELWYN has any allusion, or if there is any personality attached to the names "Mary, Betsy, Nancy, and his mare," it is lost upon ANTHONY; who is very sorry for being the innocent cause of that resentment which SELWYN's note seems to manifest.

ANTHONY assures SELWYN that he is entirely unknown to him, and consequently could mean no personalities in his *Consolatory Address.* If this candid acknowledgment is not satisfactory, the EDITOR is at liberty to give SELWYN, ANTHONY's address, who will be pleased with a visit from SELWYN, and treat him with a glass of wine, while he gives such further evidence of his sympathy and good will, as will convince him that he has been mistaken at least *once* in his life.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

OBSERVING a piece in your last week's Repository, signed "*A Friend to Truth,*" I was not a little hurt on seeing how lavishly the gentleman was pleased to bestow on me the names of calumniator, &c. If he really is a friend to the sex, he certainly must acknowledge that the scene alluded to, was an improper one for females to behold; and I can assure him that my motive for giving it publicity was quite of a different nature from that which he supposes it to be. I had no other view than to advise them to forbear being present at such a scene again: And I can further assure him that I was *not* acquainted with their motives for going to the banks of Schuylkill, until some days after. With respect to his supposition of "strip and expose," it is scurrilous and false. However this Friend to Truth may appear, I shall always feel myself equally a friend to the sex, notwithstanding its being through my instigation the piece was published.

I must own, had I known then the inducements that led those ladies to the place mentioned, the reflections would not have occurred, or been made public. Before I end I must beg leave to inform the *gentleman* that he is at liberty to take back his "malignity of heart,"—it is no sensation of mine. A FRIEND TO MODESTY.

[Another correspondent informs the editor, that he was caught in the same predicament with the writer of the above; and that, not knowing the circumstances of the case, modesty induced him to remain so long in the water, that he is *now under the physician's hand.* These apologies to the ladies are all very well, and it is hoped will induce young gentlemen in future to examine matters of fact, before they appear before the public with allegations tending to injure the feelings of any.]

PHILADELPHIA,
JULY 16, 1803.

INVENTIONS & IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. DAVID MORSE, of Newburyport, has received a patent for an invention for making brass or iron Hinges, for desks, tables, doors, &c. From 6 to 12 dozen pairs, according to the sizes, can be made by this machinery, with the labour of two men in one day. They are said by workmen to be equal to any imported.

DR. BAINI has discovered, that the strength of Gunpowder can be considerably increased by the addition of about one-fifth part in weight of pulverized quick-lime. No preparation is necessary but to shake the whole together till the white colour of the lime disappears.

[*Lon. Pap.*

A NEW and cheap polishing substance has been found out—it consists of pieces of old hat, (which are dyed with iron) immersed for a few minutes in sulphuric acid; the iron passes to the state of the red oxide, and they then become excellent pieces for giving the last polish to the hardest matter. *ib.*

THE sanative properties of oxygen are every day becoming more manifest. M. VALLI, Professor of Chymistry at Mantua, has discovered, that by oxydating meat-broth, it will acquire such powerful antiputrescent property, as to keep sweet for six months.—M. MOSCATI, of Milan, hung a piece of flesh in the sun until it became putrid; he then oxydated it, and kept it for ten days, when it fell to pieces, but it had become so sweet as not to occasion any ill taste to the water in which it was boiled.—Flesh of any kind, rubbed in powdered charcoal, may be recovered from a taste of putridity.

VINEGAR, plain or diluted with water, has been experienced a powerful antidote to the effects of arsenic in recent cases, chiefly by producing speedy and abundant vomition.

INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK.

FAHRENHEIT'S Thermometer, was on Sunday last, about an hour after noon, suspended in the air, beneath the shade of a black hat, and in about 20 minutes, it rose to 101; a drab coloured hat was afterwards put in the place of the black one, and the mercury descended two degrees, in ten minutes. Hence it appears evident, that the human head, covered with a drab coloured hat will be at least two degrees cooler than when covered with a black one—a circumstance, that, with respect to pleasure and health, deserves attention.

The MAMMOTH, before his approaching departure from London, has been honoured with the visits of an infinite number of scientific and other personages of consequence. The Prince of Wales and General Andreossi are among the latest. No other exhibition, perhaps, ever had the approbation of such a number of bishops and gentlemen of the cloth, besides professional characters, and the curious in general, particularly the ladies.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, *Peter Lobra*, esq. of this city, to Miss *Potts*, of Pottsgrove.

———, Same day, by the Rev. Phillip Milledoler, Mr. *John Morrison*, to Miss *Juliet Bernard*, both of this city.

———, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Philip Halzel*, to Miss *Lydia Southwrick*, both of the Northern Liberties.

———, on the 13th inst. by Mr. Wharton, esq. Mr. *Andrew Salebergh*, to Miss *Rebecca Castel*, both of this city.

———, at Menham, (Mas.) Mr. *William Blazer*, aged 16, to Miss *Catharine Yayden*, aged eleven!!

COMMUNICATION.

The assertion in this paper of the 9th inst. of the marriage of Mr. John S. Somers, to Miss Louisa Murciers, *is false.* The order for the printer was put in the box, without a name; and as the author of it cannot be found out, it is supposed to be the production of Ignorance and Low-breeding.

Philadelphia, July 11, 1803.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE.

☞ [Several impositions of this nature have been practised upon the editor of the Repository. Although he has repeatedly advertised correspondents of the necessity of affixing their signatures to notices of marriages; yet in most instances this has been disregarded, and in some cases fictitious signatures have been substituted for real ones, which it was impossible to detect previous to publication. It will therefore be necessary, in future, for those who have communications of this nature to make, *to wait personally upon the editor, and leave their names and places of abode.* This regulation will be strictly adhered to; and should it fail in answering the end proposed, the editor is determined *rather entirely to obliterate from his page the List of Marriages, than submit to such continued aggression.*] *Ed.*

Deaths.

DIED, on the 2d inst. in the 25th year of her age, much regretted by her family and friends, *Elizabeth Haines*, wife of Ephraim Haines, of this city.

——, on the 9th inst. in the 24th year of her age, Mrs. *Mary Jones*, wife of capt. John H. Jones, of this city.

——, on the 13th inst. in the 63d year of his age, Mr. *Samuel Murdock*, a respectable merchant of this city.

——, on Stepney Causeway, (Eng.) on the 4th Nov. last, Mrs. *Deborah Godfrey*, in the 80th year of her age. She was the widow of Benjamin Godfrey, late of Harris's court, Ratcliffe, a ship builder, and by him had 34 children, all of whom lived to a state of maturity. They were of the Society of Quakers; and what may appear extraordinary, the husband was twice read out of meeting, for divers acts of increasing and multiplying out of his own family, to the amount of 30 illegitimate children, that were sworn to him. He was the Grand Sultan at Ratcliffe—and is supposed to be the father of 150 sons and daughters!!

——, In England, Miss *Reynols*, a maiden lady—She has by her will bequeathed 50,000l. sterling to government, towards the reduction of the national debt.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The writer of a certain poetical communication must be aware, that its publication would in all probability produce very disagreeable consequences. He may also perceive that the circumstances he states do not apply to A—— S——.

Several pieces on the controversy respecting Celibacy and Marriage are rejected, for reasons which have been already assigned.

Peter, Justitia, and *The Ladies' Friend, No. II.* are under consideration.

Dicky Dasher's Protest contains many dashing strokes of the pen—but neither argument nor wit.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

A FABLE.

A BUTTERFLY in summer time,
When Nature's fruits were all in prime,
Was rambling thro' the groves and fields,
To taste the fruits which nature yields;
She swell'd herself with false esteem,
And fed her egotistic scheme,
Until she had forgot how short
Would be the period of her sport:
While thus exulting in her pride,
A careful Bee at work she spied,
Extracting treasure from each flower,
Which grew along the shady bower,
With an intent to store her hive,
Before the winter should arrive,
With food enough to satiate
Those wants which Nature does create.
The Butterfly said to the Bee—
" Thou stupid slave, I pity thee!
" In toil you pass your time away,
" While I in pleasure spend the day;
" Can flutter in the sun's warm rays,
" And spend my time in sports and plays;
" Behold the scenes which are display'd,
" The fields and meadows all array'd,
" Where opening blossoms sweetly bloom,
" And every zephyr adds perfume:
" Come, now, my friend, enjoy with me
" All those sweet pleasures that you see."

" Deluded friend," the Bee replied,
" On such vain things to fix your pride;
" Economy is my delight,
" It yields me pleasure day and night,
" Does future poverty prevent,
" And makes me happy and content:
" I do enjoy the blooming flowers,
" And wander thro' the shady bowers:
" Then why should I my time consume
" Without once thinking what's to come,
" Spend all my time in folly's flights,
" And not provide for frosty nights.
" Your joyful moments soon will pass,
" And leave you frozen on the grass;
" Then all your fancy-pleasing dreams
" Of sporting in the sun's warm beams,
" Will vanish into thinest air,
" And leave you here in sad despair,
" Without assistance, food, or friend,
" In frozen dew your life to end;
" While I at home in pleasure dwell,
" Extracting nectar from my cell,
" With friends all round me, full of glee,
" Enjoying equal bliss with me;
" And being thus with plenty bless'd,
" Will prove my scheme to be the best."

AGRICOLO.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

If no better Translations of the two Latin Distics in the last week's Repository, should be sent to you, you may, if you think proper, give the following a place in your next agreeable number. Your's, &c.

S———X.

H. I.

FOOLS wish to know what Fate has for us yet in store,
Enjoyments to our wish, or sorrows to deplore;
Should we but one short month of time before us know,
Our hearts might ache, and tears with keenest anguish flow.

A British bard in wisdom says, *Whatever is, is right,*
A Christian sage—*Contentment* pleads in every plight:
Thrice happy he who neither knows nor feels his fate,
Before kind Heaven in wisdom executes his threat,
Or on his head show'rs blessings heavenly and complete.

W. II.

" God and the Doctor men alike adore
" Just at the brink of Death, and not before:
" The sick man well, they're both alike requited—
" God is forgotten, and the doctor's slighted."

SELECTED.

MR. HOGAN,

The following very curious and ingenious poem, was published at Dublin, at that time, when it was death to write any thing, pointedly against government. I leave it, as the author did, to the ingenuity of the reader, to find out the manner of reading it, that will express the meaning which he intended to convey.

P.

THE pomp of courts and power of kings,
I prize above all earthly things;
I love my country, but my king,
Above all men his praise I'll sing.
The royal banner be displayed,
And may success the standard aid.

I wish to banish, far from hence,
The Rights of Man, and Common Sense;
Destruction to his odious reign,
That plague of princes, Thomas Paine.
Defeat and ruin brand the cause,
Of France, her liberty, and laws.

MAD MARY.

By the Rev. JOHN BLAIR LINN, of Philadelphia.

I PAUS'D to hear a wild and plaintive strain,
Which rose complaining on the evening breeze,
" Ah! 'tis poor Mary," said a passing swain,
" Nightly she sings beneath those darksome trees.

" Once she was gladsome, and the fairest maid
That ever bless'd or trod our rural plain;
But by a villain Mary was betray'd;
She never laugh'd—she never smil'd again.

" Sad, ruin'd maid! she loves to be alone,
She flies and hides her sorrow in the wood,
That there unnotic'd she may pour her moan,
And give indulgence to her wayward mood.

" Oft have I seen her climb the hillock's height,
And sit and murmur o'er the brawling stream,
Oft have I seen her at the dead of night,
Rove wet with dew and watch the moon's pale beam.

" I've seen her with a willow bind her head,
And twine her robe of white with wreaths of green,
Ah! Sir, I fear that Mary's wits have fled—
So chang'd is she from what she once has been."

The swain pass'd on—Excited by this tale,
I stood and listened to Mad Mary's lay:
Her accents wafted on the mournful gale,
Were these—I wrote them by the lunar ray—

" Henry has left me—left me all alone,
Left me to struggle in this world of woe;
His heart was harder than this mossy stone,
His love was colder than the winter's snow.

" Poor Mary's sad. The world cares not for me,
A crazy bark I am, toss'd by the wave.
My cruel Henry whither dost thou flee?
Return and weep o'er Mary's early grave.

" Once I was fair, for Henry told me so;
The village clowns turn'd after me and gaz'd;
But now their fingers mock me as I go,
They pity me, and say that I am craz'd.

" Perhaps 'tis so—and why should I complain?
These tatter'd garments and this tangled hair,
An eye that rolls in wildness and in pain,
May well to all a phrenzied state declare.

" Far from the hated world, then let me fly,
Throw o'er me woods your deep and friendly shade,
Expose me not to Man's insulting eye,
And let no footstep on my haunts invade!

" Ye dews of night descend upon my breast,
And quench its raging and consuming flame!
Come lingering death and give poor Mary rest;
In thy embraces let me hide my shame."

SADI THE MOOR.

THE trees seem to fade, as yon dear spot I'm viewing,
My eyes fill with tears as I look on the door,
And see the lov'd cottage, all sinking in ruin,
The cottage of peace and poor Sadi, the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and cheerly,
His friends were his life-blood—he valued them dearly,
And his sweet dark ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her sincerely,
But—hard was the fate of poor Sadi, the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
His children were smiling and prattling before,
When the pirates appear, from his true love they tear him,
And drag to their vessel poor Sadi, the Moor.
The forlorn one cried loudly, her lost husband seeking,
His children and friends at a distance were shrieking,
Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was breaking,
Ah!—pity the sorrows of Sadi, the Moor!

In spite of his 'plaints, to their galley they bore him,
His Zelda and children to mourn and deplore,
At morn, from his feverish slumbers they tore him,
And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi, the Moor.
At night, up aloft, while the still moon was clouding,
The thoughts of his babes on his wretched mind crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell from the shrouding,
The sea was the grave of poor Sadi, the Moor.